

# The Missionary Helper.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE

FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

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NO. 8

"How easily He turns the tides!  
The fullness of my yesterday  
Has vanished like a rapid dream,  
And pitiless and far away  
The cool, refreshing waters gleam;  
Grim rocks of dread and doubt and pain

"Rear their dark fronts where once was sea;  
But I can smile and wait for Him  
Who turns the tides so easily,  
Fills the spent rock-pool to its brim,  
And up from the horizon dim  
Leads his bright morning waves again."

**Working Notes.**—As we recently walked down Temple Avenue at Ocean Park, it came to us with new force that this is preëminently a meeting-ground of congenial missionary spirits. Our president of Rhode Island is enjoying her pretty new summer home among the pines; out on the open is the cottage of our corresponding secretary of New Hampshire; nearer the beach is dainty "Little Rhody," the summer shelter of our recording secretary from Rhode Island; our treasurer of everywhere lives directly on the sea wall with the *HELPER* editor of Maine; and the publisher from Providence is this summer happily near. State workers from all points of the compass are represented, and a season does not pass without some of our missionaries to give us new glimpses of the work across the sea which is so near and yet so far. Miss Butts, who is already in America, is expected here this month, and will be heartily welcomed after her prolonged stay in India. Master Coldren and little Miss Burkholder returned with her. . . . Prof. Brackett and his family have a summer home on the hem of the grove. We shall greatly miss one member of the family, while Storer College has lost a valued teacher in Miss Mary Brackett; but a certain family in Washington, D. C., has gained a charming home-mate. Congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Robertson! . . . All will be interested in the story of Mrs. Metcalf's trip to Harper's Ferry. With all the rest she was delighted with the work done by Miss Baker in the domestic science department. A personal letter is just at hand from Miss Baker, which speaks for itself, and will undoubtedly receive the speedy and generous response which it and the need merit: "I write to interest you in helping me to raise the money

to buy benches and desks for my sewing room. I have been using a badly ventilated, poorly lighted room the past four years, but now the school will give me a better chance. We very much need some seats, etc., and the school is not able to furnish them. They will cost about fifty dollars. I believe that the Lord has that money somewhere, and I mean to pray and ask till it comes. The other day a friend of the school in Iowa sent five dollars, which I took as a beginning. The improvements will benefit the school generally, for when I do not use the room another class can be held there." . . . We are not one bit afraid of "appeals" of the right kind, and we *love* a "collection" (which we prefer to call an "offering"), and we ask God's blessing upon it every time; and so we willingly announce that Mrs. Ricker writes that "Blake Industrial needs a few more dollars dreadfully." Blake Industrial is a helpful institution at Ocean Park, which will pay for itself as soon as fully established. Here wholesome, homey, cooked food is furnished to the cottagers, and luncheons are provided for the wayfarer. To the tired house-mother this is a peculiar gratifying feature of Ocean Park life. . . . The meeting on Aug. 21, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, will be unique in our history, and we hope to give *HELPER* readers something more than a glimpse of it in a later number. . . . An outline of the program of the annual meeting, to be held in Providence in October, will appear in the September *HELPER*. . . . The Park St. church of Providence has, in the past year, lost three women who have been actively associated with it—Mrs. Bradbury, also a member of the publication committee; Mrs. Brewster, a sketch of whose life appeared in the May *HELPER*; and, more recently, Mrs. Brayton, who in quiet ways was continuously busy in her Master's service. Some time ago she gave her little all to missions—one hundred dollars through the W. M. S., one hundred through the General Society, and something to the domestic science department of Storer College. . . . Attention has already been called to that new publication, "Mission Gems for the Master's Crown," by Lillian Adele Tourtillotte. It is perhaps an open secret that all money made by it beyond the actual cost of the book is to be given to missions. . . . Your treasurer and editor are looking forward with much pleasure to meeting our sisters across the border at the annual meeting of the F. B. W. M. S. of New Brunswick, to be held in Fredericton, beginning Friday, the 8th of October. . . . All who are interested in India, her people, and present crisis, will wish to read, despite its horror, the report of Julian Hawthorne, special commissioner to India, which begins in the July *Cosmopolitan*. . . . We have also received the illustrated report of the National Armenian Relief committee, copies of which can be obtained free on application to Rev. F. D. Greene, Andover, Mass. America has already given over half a million dollars to help undo the awful consequences of Turkish fanaticism and of the bungling diplomacy of Europe.

**Around the World.**—The Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, with its feasting, festivities, and gorgeous pageants, is over, but the suffering of millions of her subjects in India continues. O for a more even distribution of benefits in this world of ours! . . . Mrs. Josephine E. Butler has issued a letter on the threatened revival of state regulation of vice in India. She says in part, "The cause we are fighting for is, primarily, the cause of women; and one of the deepest convictions of my soul is that in this question, this question of moral life and death to individuals and to nations, justice will be overthrown and evil will overcome good, unless women continue to be the heart and soul of the movement; unless the woman's voice continually, in an unceasing stream, comes up to the throne of God about it; and, further, unless women make sacrifices and labor for the cause." . . . The United States census of 1890 shows that in prohibition states there is one person in prison or jail for every 4138 of the population; in high license states one to every 2140, and in low license states one to every 1829. . . . President Myer S. Isaacs, a trustee of the Baron de Hirsch fund, has received a draft for \$400,000 from the Baroness de Hirsch. This is the first advance on a donation of \$1,000,000 recently made by the Baroness to assist the poor of New York city. Of the sum received, \$150,000 will be devoted to the construction and maintenance of the enlarged Baron de Hirsch trade school, soon to be erected. The remainder of the fund received will go to bettering the condition of the needy of New York in various ways. . . . The *Union Signal* says: "We are glad to see the pulpit and press generally are indorsing the 'new Fourth' idea. This idea is to infuse into the demonstrations of Independence Day an up-to-date patriotism, to apply the spirit of our Revolutionary fathers to present day conditions, and to declare—as has been well said we need to do—our dependence as a nation upon God. The work of the Christian Citizenship League is, says its advisory board (composed of clergymen of national repute) in a letter sent out to ministers urging the 'new Fourth,' 'the necessary counterpart of the missionary work of the church, and of equal importance.' Let us extol not the patriotism which consists merely in memories of past glories, but the patriotism which dares achieve new records in the present, and lays foundations broad and deep for the future, as did the patriots of 1776; let us by precept and example teach our youth, soon to be our nation's defenders, that true patriotism is more than a sentiment, it is a practical serving of our own generation, and thus a preparing of the way for the next, as was that of our liberty-loving forefathers. . . . Africans have some very striking expressions, showing that they are full of poetic ideas. The Moongues call thunder the "sky's gun," and the morning with them is "the day's child." The Zulus call the twilight "the eyelashes of the sun." An African who came to America was shown some ice which he had not seen before, and he called it "water fast asleep." When asked to give a name to a railroad car he said, "Him be one thunder mill." Khama called the railroad tracks "the trail of the locomotive."—*Ex.*

## OUR MISSIONARIES.

VI.

## HARRIET PRESTON PHILLIPS.\*

BY ELLA PATTERSON.



forbidden to be read in the schools, she found no lack of opportunity to impress religious truths. She could not have done otherwise, for religion with her was not only to be professed but to be lived. Again and again have young people who have been her pupils in the public schools told me how Miss Phillips took them alone and prayed with them and for them. In all her work in Chicago, not only in Sunday school but in the public schools, Miss Phillips was as

WITHOUT waiting to review her life after her parents' return to India, without speaking of her struggles to complete the course at Hillsdale college, or her watchful, tender care of the younger members of the family, I pass on to speak of Miss Hattie P. Phillips when we were intimately associated as teachers in the public schools of Chicago. Of her moral qualities the most prominent was her piety. She was more than anything else a religious young woman. In a city where the Bible was

\* Miss H. P. Phillips, daughter of Rev. Jeremiah Phillips, was born at Jellasore, India, March 11, 1848. She consecrated her life to God in 1860, and in June, 1868, was graduated from Hillsdale College, Mich. For nine years she taught in the public schools of Chicago. In October, 1878, she sailed for India, under appointment of the Woman's Society.

truly a missionary as she is to-day to the children in far-off India. Her influence over most of her pupils might be summed up by a remark a boy made to me long after he left her room: "Miss Phillips didn't make us feel that she punished us for spite when we were troublesome. She somehow made us feel that God was watching, and that if we did wrong we injured ourselves." Our country needs many such teachers to-day.

Her self-reliance was allied to her piety. Whether at school or at home she "tackled" every problem that came to her with serenity as well as energy. At a time when drawing was a new subject in the public schools, and when most teachers were bemoaning their inability to teach the subject, Miss Phillips worked with her own pencil until she learned to love the work, and then imparted her spirit of self-reliance to those under her care, until her spirit took possession of them. Her success is shown in the fact that the first prize that was ever given for drawing in Chicago schools was taken by her class. Her intellectual faculties were various and of a high order, but her eminent success as a teacher was in a great degree to be attributed to her use of those faculties—to her punctuality, self-reliance, and integrity in word and deed—to honest, hard work.

More than almost any young person I have ever known, Miss Phillips hungered and thirsted for knowledge. The milliner's windows were no temptation to her, but she longed for money when she entered a book-store. I have known her to decide to turn the old dress and make it last another year in order to have money to attend a course of lectures. In all my acquaintance I have never known one who enjoyed civilization and all that word means more than Miss Phillips did. I have never known one to whom it would have meant more to leave civilization and all its advantages than it meant for a nature like Miss Phillips's.

Implicitly relying upon Almighty wisdom and goodness, yet she did not always feel happy in her Christian experience. It was the realization that she had not yet placed *all* upon the altar. After some one had carelessly asked, "Do you ever think of going back to India?" she said to me, "That question always makes me tremble. I don't want to have to go to India. I have prayed to the Lord to spare me that; and when I pray earnestly for grace and strength, I often hear the Spirit say, 'Are you ready to go to India?' I don't know that the Lord wants me to go to India, but I am sure he wants me to be ready to go, and it is very hard for me to be willing." I confess that I was no help to her, for I told her the Lord needed her right where she was. I shall never forget the morning after the night when, Jacob-like, she wrestled alone with God's spirit, how her face shone with faith and peace as she said to me, "Ella, the question is settled. I am ready to go anywhere God wants me to go. I don't know that

I can be of much use in India, but I'm perfectly ready to go." And never from that moment to the present did I ever know her to look backward. It is useless to speak of what she gave up, her large salary, her position, her place in society and in the hearts of those who were endeared to her, for she said, "As for my talents and my life, I have dedicated both to His service. He will do with them what he pleases for his glory and my salvation."

When Miss Phillips was young, people who did not know her well used sometimes to think her cold, reserved, almost haughty. They misjudged. It was her own lack of self-esteem. A case in school-life will illustrate. Miss Phillips very much regretted the inability of Frank — to continue in school. Some weeks after he left, I saw Miss Phillips, who was a short distance ahead of me, bow to a young man. As the boy came nearer me I noticed that it was Frank. I stopped him, shook hands, and asked concerning his prospects. While we were at dinner, knowing how greatly interested she was in the boy, I asked her why she did not stop and speak with him. Her answer was characteristic of her. "I wanted to stop him ever so much, but I was afraid he would not care to speak to me." When she started for India in '78, she wrote me from the east, saying, "I have so enjoyed meeting these dear workers in the east, and I have tried to meet them halfway." This same lack of self-esteem causes her to feel that her work is little, but, knowing how great a success her work was here and how she viewed it then, I am inclined to take her view of her work there with "a grain of salt." Her faith that God will take care of results is always inspiring.

These are "some characteristics in Miss Phillips's life before she went to India" that I was asked to give. It is history and not eulogy that is desired, so I have refrained from speaking of the Christian friend—faithful in friendship as in all other relations of life.

One phrase will express her life as I see it, "Unswerving devotion to duty, as the Lord helps her to see her duty." Surely a life with such an aim will prove to have been a grand Christian epic when viewed from the angels' side. Surely it has its lessons for the young.

*Minneapolis, Minn.*

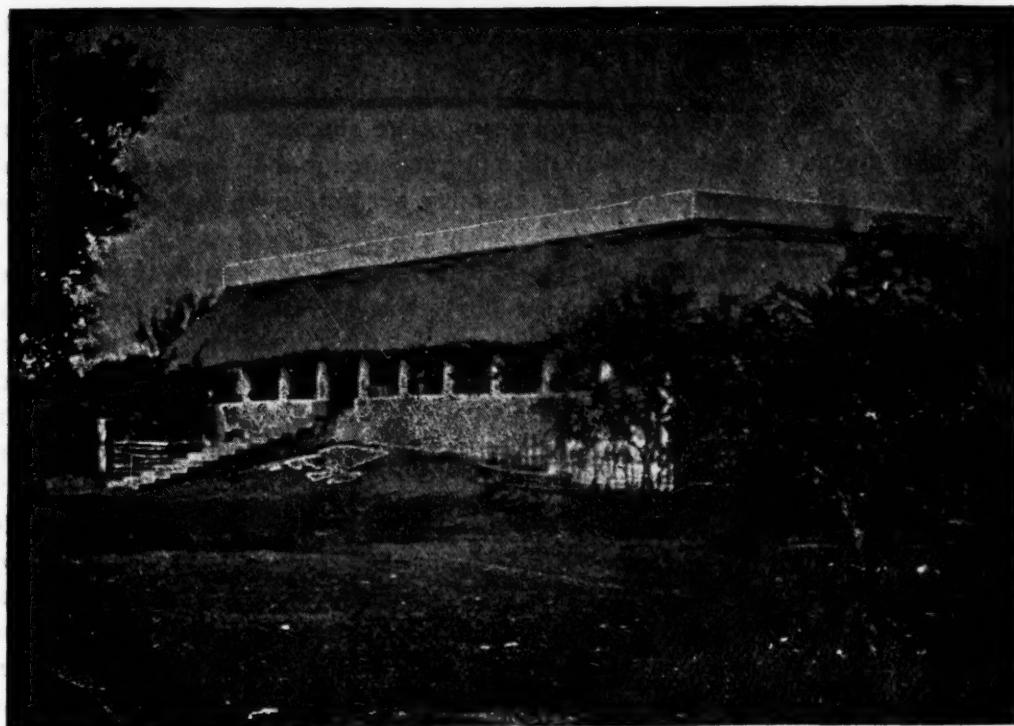
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"A cup of water timely brought,  
An offered easy chair,  
A turning of the window blind  
That all may feel the air,  
An early flower bestowed unasked,  
A light and cautious tread,  
A voice so softest whispers hushed  
To spare an aching head—  
O things like these, though little things,  
The purest love disclose,  
As fragrant atoms in the air  
Reveal the hidden rose."

## MISS PHILLIPS'S WORK IN INDIA.

Of Miss Phillips's work in India a fellow missionary thus writes :

" My acquaintance with her dates from 1883. Of the five years she spent in Midnapore previous to this time I know very little. I recall that Mrs. J. L. Phillips said, ' I never have to look after Hattie's work. Whatever she is expected to do she does, and does it well.' During these years she learned to use the Bengali language fluently, and most of her work, I think, was in connection with the Bible school, then superintended by her brother, Dr. J. L. Phillips,



THE PHILLIPS'S HOME AT JELLASORE.

whose death while in the prime of manhood is like a personal bereavement to so wide a circle in America and India.

" In the early part of 1882 Miss Phillips was requested by the Indian committee to take charge of the work in Jellasore that had just fallen from the hands of the sainted Miss Crawford. This meant not only the care of the now doubly orphaned children in the Orphanage, but also outside work, comprising the Christian villages and a number of Hindu schools. A native Christian woman of unusual penetration said, ' When I saw that young, fragile-looking Missi Baba, I

said to myself, "She can never do this work. Why did they send her here?" The same woman afterward said, 'I was mistaken, she can do it.' Of herself Miss Phillips says, 'I was so averse to going there that it required all the principles of obedience in which I had been trained to induce me to yield to the wishes of the committee even temporarily.'

"There was much in the brief years of her early home life calculated to foster the spirit of obedience to recognized authority. Her early separation from her parents and her connection with members of her family younger than herself called out another marked trait in her character, that of self-reliance. Her self-denying efforts to obtain a good education, and to assist her younger sisters to obtain one, have met with a large reward in their love and affection, as well as in the wider service they have thus in turn been able to render. Her experience in teaching, which covered several years before she finally decided to come to India, together with the practical discipline acquired in the years just mentioned, were certainly sufficient reason for choosing her to take up such a work as that in Jellasore.

"However disinclined she was to enter upon it, she carried to the task set before her a determination to do her duty, whatever that might be, and this she did with the painstaking exactness that characterizes all her efforts. Punctuality in school duties among both teachers and pupils, a very careful oversight of all matters connected with the Orphanage, together with other required work, occupied her time most fully, until she was prostrated by the fever that prevailed so widely in and around Jellasore.

"In November she made over her charge to another and was transferred to Balasore, where she entered upon a somewhat new work and was confronted by a new language, but she brought to these conditions a resolute determination to conquer. By far the larger number of words in Bengali and Oriya are the same except the endings, and this difference alters the pronunciation. The better educated among the Oriyas know Bengali, but in Oriya zenanas and among the common class of women, it is not understood. It took some time to get adjusted to the change so as to express thought freely. At one time she had vainly tried to make some women in an Oriya zenana comprehend certain thoughts expressed in Bengali. With great hesitation she determined to try Oriya, and found utterance. The women were delighted to have her speak in their own tongue, but not more so than she was to find she could do it.

"During the remainder of her first term in India she continued the work in the zenanas, and took large interest in the affairs of the church and Christian community. Near the close of 1888 her health broke down, and in March, 1889, she left for America. She was so enervated by hard work and an exhausting

climate that her recovery was slow and tedious. She remained in America till October, 1892. January, '93, found her at work in Balasore again. Both zenanas and Hindu girls' schools now fell into her hands. A little later she became so deeply impressed with the needs of the young people in our rapidly growing Christian villages in Balasore, that she felt impelled to devote a part of her time to them. She organized classes which covered all the days of the week except Sunday, giving from one to two hours each morning to them. At first she hoped to be able to make over some of these to the older among them, but finally resolved to attend to each class herself. The arrangement is so complete that each child among the villagers, and those belonging to both Orphanages, have at least one hour of each week for some special instruction. Another hour each week is given to the women of our communities. This persistent effort cannot fail to make impressions for good on the minds of all. Already these are discernible, and who can compute future results !

" It soon became evident that this daily drain upon her time and strength, together with school and zenana work, was too much for her, and in '94 she made over the zenanas to Miss Scott. She knows herself, or the time and ability she has to expend, better than most people ; consequently strength, time, and means are not expended in inaugurating schemes that must sooner or later be abandoned. I remember once hearing her sister Nellie say, ' I have been trying to induce Hattie to do something that seems to me important, and I think she is the best fitted to do it. How can she be so positive that she cannot do it before she has tried ? '

" The work of the past two years has been of wider range than at any other time in her missionary career. The different societies organized among our young people find in her a strong advocate and helper. The W. C. T. U. in all its departments has a warm place in her heart. Two years ago she was made president of the Orissa Branch, and she has already won for herself a place of no small importance among the leaders of this work in India. She is untiring in her efforts to promote temperance, purity, and strong Christian character among our young people.

" Thankful for the past years of faithful labor that she has given to our mission, and with an earnest desire that the coming ones may yield a rich harvest of blessing, we close this brief sketch, feeling heartily sorry that we could not do the subject of it greater justice.

*Balasore, India.*



" **HE** who lives to make others happy is engaged in the highest calling on earth."

## DAYS AND WAYS AT HARPER'S FERRY.

BY ALICE M. METCALF.

HARPER'S Ferry in May and June! A more beautiful place might have been made, but I doubt if it ever was. Such was the thought of your representative as she stood on the heights where rises our beloved Storer college.

After enjoying a two hours' ride along the Potomac, I found myself Tuesday evening, May 25, at the neat little station of Harper's Ferry. Mr. Brackett, the principal of the college, gave me a hearty welcome, and his faithful horse drew me up the rocky hill to the college. The campus was beautiful. The newly laid brick walks, the great variety of shade trees, shrubs, and roses blooming profusely, and the new brick church near by passed before my eyes, and I contrasted this picture with the one I saw several years ago when I visited the same place.

Wednesday morning I answered the call to the meeting of the trustees of Storer college. There were nine present. We were assured that this was an unusually large number. Five were from the north. The interests of the college were thoroughly discussed. The resignation of Rev. N. C. Brackett as principal was accepted, and Ernest E. Osgood elected to fill the vacancy. Mr. Brackett was still retained as treasurer.

Thursday was a gala day for Storer. Very early in the morning, and even the night before, old students began to arrive. Myrtle Hall resounded with the happy voices of the girls. A colored band arrived early and enlivened the occasion. Young men and women dressed in their best promenaded up and down the walks, dignified and well behaved. At 9.30 the scene changed.

Anthony Hall now became the place of interest, for here were to graduate two classes. There were thirteen graduates from the normal and academic departments, and eight from the domestic science department.

I was glad to be invited to a seat on the platform, as it gave me a better opportunity to hear the orations and essays. The platform was banked along the front with the beautiful mountain laurel, which grows abundantly on the mountain sides. Evergreens were festooned gracefully about the room, and appropriate mottoes decorated the walls. The dresses of the young lady graduates were neat and pretty, their manners quiet and dignified, and their essays well written and read. The bearing of the young men was equally dignified, and their orations delivered with a spirit which showed that they were not ignorant of the high attainments to which their race may reach. I said, "This is not unlike our graduating exercises at the north."

This thought was not dispelled till I looked at the audience before me. I had never seen just such a one before. Upon their dark faces, however, ex-

pressions of approval were quite as manifest, and their demonstrations were more emphatic than any I had seen in a northern audience.

I must speak of the appearance of the class in domestic science. Neatly dressed, with their white aprons and dainty caps, their graduation spoke to me of happy, well kept homes and useful lives. The address to the graduates was made by our beloved treasurer. If the class of '97 from Storer college does not make its mark in the future, it will not be that good advice was not given, which if followed will make any young man or woman useful and respected.

On Thursday evening was held the annual exhibition. To this a small admittance fee is asked, which helps to defray the anniversary expenses. The recitals from Julius Cæsar by the class in Cæsar's Commentaries, under the direction of Prof. Osgood, were especially fine, and received the commendation which they fully deserved. The recitals were followed by two farces, in which the students excelled.

Friday morning, upon invitation of Mr. Brackett, our northern party was driven to Bolivar Heights, to look over the college property and to get a better view of the country. I could never describe to you the charming view from these heights. Saturday was spent in visiting the Antietam battle-ground. To our great delight the people had decided to recognize Saturday as Memorial Day instead of Monday. This gave us an opportunity to see a great many people have a very good time, for the day was more like a 4th of July celebration at the north than a solemn service in memory of the fallen heroes.

With what pride we were invited to attend the services in "our new church." It is indeed a beautiful building, beautiful not wholly for its outward appearance, but it is convenient, adapted to the needs of the people, sufficiently esthetic to be an educator, and in every way an ornament to the Shenandoah Valley. Brother Jenkins, who was formerly pastor at the Pond St. church in Providence, preached at the morning service. The C. E. meeting was well attended, and the young people were ready with their testimonies. In the evening a rally was held at which several took part. Mr. Marston of Hallowell, Me., one of the trustees, was the first speaker. Your representative followed with greetings from the Woman's Missionary Society, and Miss DeMeritte gave one of her stirring addresses. The speaking was interspersed with singing, which added to the interest of the occasion. A collection was taken in real southern style.

Monday morning ended my pleasant visit at Storer college. The hospitable manner in which I was received as your representative makes me feel sure that the work of the Woman's Missionary Society is appreciated, and that its influence in helping to direct the interests of Storer cannot be overestimated. Let us be faithful to Storer college.



## from the field.

### LESSON INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE IN INDIA.

BY REV. E. B. STILES.

IV.

A HINDU CATECHIST.

ON my return from a call on an indigo planter who lives near my camp at Gurbeta, a well-dressed, fine-looking Hindu came to my tent, as he said, to get some books and to hear about our religion, as though we had a copyright on

Christianity. The thought of an universal religion is not easy for them to grasp. The chief thing is to have a religion, whether it is good for anything or not. "You have your Christ, we have our Krishna; it is all the same thing." And this latter in spite of the fact that the former was "full of grace and truth," while the latter was full of vileness and sin.

But to return to my catechist. I began to preach Jesus to him, but I soon found that he was taking an inventory of my possessions.

"How much do you get from the government? When do you get your

pay, then? Is that beside your living? Does it suffice? Do you lay up anything? What is that? [pointing to our family picture]. Where are they? Will they come to you? Are both the children boys? How much did your bicycle cost? How much did your bed cost?" Just here a basket of home vegetables came from the planter on whom I called in the morning. "What are these? How do you eat that?" (lettuce). Then my breakfast come. He arose to see what was in the dish, didn't recognize the pieces of fried fish, and began again: "Is that eggs? O, you eat lemon juice on your lettuce. When do you eat again? What will you eat? Haven't you any water? Why don't you drink? When will you drink; in an hour? How often do you bathe? Have you bathed to-day? When will you bathe, then?"

In the intervals of his questioning I was reading passages from the Word to show him the provision that God has made for saving sinners. At length he became thoughtful, and said, "I come," which is the polite method of saying "I go."

I am surprised this year at the small amount of opposition, and at the good attention given to the message. We have been out now since the 4th of December, and only once have any of us met with serious opposition, and that came from a drunken man.

"Ye shall be witnesses." This we are trying to be, but O, the vastness of the field and the fewness of the workers! Pray with us to the Lord of the harvest to send workers into his harvest.

*Gurbeta, Jan. 12, 1897.*

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#### VACATION DAYS.

SATHBYA, INDIA, May 23, 1897.

DEAR HELPER:—

Another letter is due from me. It hardly seems a year since I wrote you from this seaside home. We were here a year ago with the Wymans. This year we have the pleasure of the company of Mrs. J. L. Phillips, her daughter Beebee, and Mr. Howells of the Cuttack mission. We are having a delightful time, and the sea bathing is very invigorating. The sea is about 500 yards from the bungalow, and a more beautiful beach for bathing is difficult to find. We are so glad to have Mrs. Phillips with us. She needed just the rest and quiet which she is forced to take here. No communication with civilization but once a week, so there is no rushing off to a prayer meeting, or to W. C. T. U. meeting, or to give an address to drunkards, or to act as chairman at a missionary meeting, or receive callers, or make any calls, or do any of the thousands of little duties which demand one's time in a large city like Calcutta. The forced solitude and

rest after such a busy life are rather trying—how we do cling to old habits—but she will get a rest which she could not possibly get in easy communication with her work.

Sathbya is a bungalow on the seashore, about thirty-five or forty miles from Chandbali. There is no road, we have to come by boat. The journey here is very pleasant, passing through primeval forests, the water ways being lined to the edge with a dense forest, in which are tiger, deer, monkeys, and a variety of birds, some with most beautiful plumage, also the python and many smaller species of snake. After passing many miles through this dense jungle, we come to what we call "the Sands"; that is, we have entered a little creek which runs parallel with the ocean coast, and from forty rods to one mile from it. At "the Sands" it is only about forty rods from the sea, and nothing but sand hills between them. This creek is tidal, and of course has salt water, and yet coming out of the tide of this sand is a spring of sweet, clear water. It must be that the ocean water percolating through the sand loses its saltiness. Six miles up this creek we reach Sathbya. From the boat up to the bungalow, one mile, a road has been built. All our eatables, beds, cooking utensils, stove, chairs, in short everything we need for "housekeeping," has to be carried by men up to the bungalow. Then we had only one room and a bath room, and the ladies must occupy those. So H. and I are obliged to build us rooms on the veranda. Also a dining-room is necessary—notwithstanding we are on vacation, we do eat, and no small amount either. This sea air, in building up broken down tissues, calls in the aid of plenty of the best food we are able to get. Our provision boat, which goes once a week to Chandbali, was two days late in getting back, and we began to think more seriously of the famine than we had done before. About the bedroom on the veranda. We inclosed the veranda with *taties*, made of the palmleaf and split bamboos, and thus we have a very cozy little room for our sleeping, as well as the dining-room at the other end of the varanda. We are not entirely shut out from all work. Just over the hill is a valley of 300 people, and among them we have very interesting services. This morning we had a very good prayer meeting. There were six native Christians and a dozen heathen present. After the meeting Miss Phillips played the organ and sang a number of Bengali and Oriya hymns. So our time is not spent entirely in eating, sleeping, and sea-bathing.

Sincerely,

M. J. COLDREN.

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*The Missionary Review* suggests the following revision of the Lord's prayer for those who do not believe in foreign missions: "Our Father which art in heaven, above America! Hallowed be thy name, in America. Thy kingdom come, in America. Thy will be done, in America, as it is in heaven."

## THE "HERELAND."

BY HARRIET P. PHILLIPS.

[Extracts from a poem written for and read at Yearly Meeting, November, 1895, Balasore, India.]

Not the "Homeland," but the "Hereland." Should you ask me why these musings, Why these rev'ries and reflections, On a theme to all familiar, I should answer, should remind you, That erewhile I sang the "Homeland," Sang her praises long and loudly, Sang sincerely, aye, and proudly; That, while not a word recalling, Not a single jot abating Of the incense then I offered, Yet I would not pass in silence— Silence seeming almost scornful— This fair land I first laid eyes on; Land my father gave his life for, Life of faithful, tireless service; Never flagging, never fainting, Till the worn and weary vet'ran, Crying still to cheer his comrades, "All of India for the Master," Laid aside his trusty weapons To receive his well-won guerdon.

Land that holds within her bosom Ashes of a sainted brother; Brother whose consuming ardor In the service of his Master Burned his life out all too early; All too early bringing night-fall, When his sun to human vision Had but reached meridian splendor.

Pardon must I crave, O India, Pardon that I never loved thee With the passionate devotion These two noble souls ere gave thee, That I cannot sing thy praises In the same exultant measure Wherewithal I sang of Homeland, Blessed Homeland of my fathers.

First and best love though I cannot Give to thee, O land that bore me, Yet accept a warm attachment, Born of glad association With thy children poor and needy, With thy lovers strong and tender,

Who for love they bore the Master Loved thee too, though all polluted, Loved thy children all degraded, Laid upon Love's sacred altar Love of country, home, and kindred, Came self-exiled to thy rescue. . . .

Back I turn the musty pages Of a mem'ry none too perfect, To the days of early childhood, Passed among thy dusky children, Childish griefs and childish gladness Filled the days that passed so swiftly, Bringing early transportation To a climate and a country That soon won my heart's devotion.

But, while childhood's days still lingered, Far away to western prairies Came that brother home from college, With his zeal for India burning, Zeal that shone in fervid pleading For her children sunk in darkness, Sunk whence none but Love could lift them.

Voice of heaven to my spirit Seemed his fervent, tearful pleading. All my heart was stirred within me, Thinking, "Were I but a Christian, Gladly would I go to India, Spend my life in loving service For the Lord who died to save me."

But, alas for youthful ardor, Here and there were formed attachments. Strong and tender, binding firmly To the new-formed friends and places. By degrees the voice of duty Irksome grew, was heard unheeded; Often faded to a whisper; But it never, never left me, For each letter from that brother Called to mind my childish longing For the service of my Master, Till conviction fastened on me Be it sooner, be it later, Go I must to India's children.

Year by year went flying swiftly,  
Bringing nearer, ever nearer,  
Time when brother, home returning,  
Would, I knew, ask my decision.

After years of indecision,  
All my powers I nerved for battle,  
Battle against my inclinations,  
Grown so strong with years of nursing.  
All my powers of mind and body  
Called I to this vital issue.  
Clinched my fingers, stopped my breathing,  
While my soul said to her Maker,  
" Make my duty clear, I will go."  
Weakened by the stress of battle,  
Nerveless fell my hands beside me,  
But within was peace and quiet,  
Gone forever was rebellion  
'Gainst the voice that called to India,  
Vict'ry gaining through surrender.  
Thus at last, my native India,  
Willing came I here to serve thee.

Not as one long separated  
From a mother loved and cherished,  
Came I to thy shores impatient.  
Faded all were childhood's mem'ries.  
Unfamiliar, strange, and curious  
Were the sights and sounds about me,  
E'en the sun that shone above me  
Beat upon my head so fiercely,  
In what should be chill November,  
Fain would I have hid me from him.  
Not a tree and scarce a flower,  
Not a single thing I looked on,  
Save the sparrows and the horses,  
Save the verdant grass beneath me  
And the clear blue sky above me,  
But bespoke a foreign country.  
But far sadder than all strangeness  
Were the marks of degradation,  
Were the sights of heathen temples  
And the sounds of heathen worship;  
Were the faces of the heathen,  
Showing that the spirit in them  
Little knew, or naught, of gladness,  
Born of fellowship with goodness.  
Hard their faces and unlovely,  
Untrustworthy and untrusting.  
Yet within each bosom liveth

Still the image of its Maker,  
Image of our Heavenly Father.  
Brothers these of ours; and sisters;  
Children are of common Father.  
Yet, alas, they've never known him!  
Ages long they've wandered groping,  
Hands outstretched in mute appealing  
To their brothers and their sisters,  
Far across the deep-sea waters.  
They of heaven more highly favored  
Long have turned from them unheeding,  
Long refused to share the blessings  
Which a common Father sendeth.  
Praised be the patient suffrance  
Of that Father towards his children  
So unworthy of his mercies!

Years sped by in quick succession,  
Gone with them was all the strangeness  
From the sights and sounds about me,  
So accustomed grew I to them  
That more strange had seemed the Homeland,  
With its enterprise and progress.

What were they had grown familiar?  
Heathen falseness, heathen vileness;  
Sights and odors of uncleanness;  
Sounds of angry altercations;  
Sights of Sabbath desecrations;  
Sounds of worship sacrilegious;  
Crowds of worn, deluded pilgrims,  
Vainly seeking absolution  
Through the suff'ring of their bodies;  
Foolish heathen prejudices  
Heathen lack of tender mercy  
For the weak, the sick, and suff'ring;  
Heel of heathenism grinding  
Heartlessly the soul of woman,  
Oft refusing to accord her  
E'en the poor consideration  
Freely granted to their cattle,  
Yet each and all of these are mated  
In the slums of all great cities,  
Even thine, O favored Homeland.

But thank God for fairer pictures,  
Lovely pictures, grown familiar;  
Heathen mothers plodding, patient,  
Through their letters, through their primers,  
Drinking in the sweet old story  
Of the Love that came to save them,

Groups of children, heathen children,  
Scanning with their eager glances  
Pictures of our blessed Saviour;  
Singing songs of praises to him;  
Then with low and rev'rent voices  
Words of humble prayer repeating.

Praise to him for Christian gath'lings,  
Groups of mothers, eager, list'ning  
To the voice of loving warning;  
Lifting to the throne of mercy  
Earnest, humble, warm petitions,  
Seeking grace and strength and wisdom  
For the burdens laid upon them.  
Youths and maidens gathering round them  
Children in the Sabbath schoolroom.  
Youths and maidens taking on them  
Solemn vows of faithful service  
To the loving Lord who sought them,  
Found them sold to sin, and bought them;  
Youths and maidens taking on them  
Lifelong vows of Christian wedlock.  
Scores of happy children swarming  
To their school and to their "Girja."  
Fathers, mothers, youths, and maidens,  
Children, yes, and even infants,  
Clad in snowy, spotless garments,  
Gathered in the house of worship,  
Singing songs of praise together.  
Scores whose lives began in darkness,  
Scores who but for wasting famine  
Life had ended in that darkness,

Bearing now the Light of heaven  
To those sitting still in darkness. . . .

Seventeen years have come and vanished,  
Since that time of strange beginnings.  
Once again I sought the Homeland,  
Once again my kindred greeted,  
With them sweets of converse tasted;  
Then renewed the dear old friendships  
Of the days almost forgotten.  
Mind and body respite gaining  
After many years of labor,  
Once again, my native India,  
Sounded in my ears thy wailing;  
Once again my eyes beheld thee  
Pleading for thy hapless children.  
Gladly now, not willing only,  
Came I speeding at thy summons,  
Glad henceforth to serve thy children,  
With the best my Father gives me.

This my tribute, then, O India,  
For the love of Him who made me,  
Him who bought me, hither called me,  
Whose I am and whom I worship—  
What remains of health and vigor,  
Powers of mind and powers of body,  
Time and talent here I bring thee  
Freely lay them at thy altar,  
In return I ask this only—  
Full assurance from my Father  
He the sacrifice accepteth,  
That the gift to him is pleasing.

#### TREASURER'S NOTES.

How fast, how fast! Can it be that this is the last time I shall prepare notes for the MISSIONARY HELPER before another financial year of the Woman's Missionary Society closes? Indeed it is true. What a blessed year it has been? Besides meeting our appropriations for the three quarters already ended, \$1000 has been paid for the building of the Widows' Home at Balasore.

It looks now as though the "Emergency League" will not be called on for money before the close of the year. Some feared, when the League was made, that people would thereby lessen their efforts. On the contrary never did the workers seem to feel more responsibility than they do now. I wonder if the 134 Leaguers don't give a sort of impetus to the work by their watchful and prayerful interest. Some of them have done more; for several large contributions have come from them.

While the prospect is that the League will not be asked to give this last quarter of the year, yet as usual this depends on what auxiliaries and personal contributors shall send to the treasury during July, and especially during the month of August, when these Notes appear. To every auxiliary owing anything on apportionment for the year ending Aug. 31, to every auxiliary which still has unfulfilled pledges for the support of children, teachers, schools, and Bible women, to states paying the salaries of missionaries, and to any who have some of the Lord's money in their hands which they think belongs to the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society, little or much, to each and all I appeal. Let the month of August fulfil all obligations.

In June I visited the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting. The enthusiasm for our work on the part of New Hampshire women is very encouraging. One feature especially interested me, and that is the way young women in New Hampshire are coming to the front. Two young women's societies—Dover and Laconia—were reported. A young woman conducted a blackboard exercise, and another a sand-map in the public meeting. Mrs. C. H. Pinkham resigned her office as president, in which position she has faithfully served for two years. This promoted the corresponding secretary to the office, and the secretary's place was filled by a young woman—Mrs. A. P. Davis of New Market. We need many consecrated young women in different departments of our work. This means personal giving up, and it also means a personal development which does not come into the individual life in so large a measure in any other way.

Miss J. J. Scott, who has assisted in the Orphanage at Balasore, has gone to her home in Scotland for a vacation. All money received from Iowa, beyond the amount paid to her for salary from Sept. 1 till she left the mission, will be credited on return passage. It is hoped that the full \$300 apportionment will be contributed by the women of Iowa this year, for which a strict account will be kept.

The credit by states for the thank-offering, to date, is as follows: Maine (for the first time she leads) \$302.82, New Hampshire \$277.64, Massachusetts \$113.33, Minnesota \$92.84, Rhode Island \$73.45, New York \$50.46, Michigan \$26.85, Vermont \$12.23, Pennsylvania \$8, Iowa \$5, Illinois \$5, Kansas \$4.62, Ohio \$3, Province of Quebec \$2, Oregon \$1; of this \$69.02 is for the famine fund, leaving for the general fund \$909.22, the largest yearly amount we have ever received.

There have been some pleasant happenings in the contributions for June. One regarding a pastor somewhere in Maine. He sends \$17, and says, "I was anxious to increase our contributions all around for missions, and planned at least \$25 for the Woman's Missionary Society, and you will find the balance of

that amount." What if every church had such a pastor! Some of our thank-offering comes a long distance—from Kansas and Nebraska and Oregon, and the receipts from a western state are ahead of "Little Rhody"! It is good to get a word now and then from our dear corresponding secretary of other days. Her thank-offering reminds us that we are not forgotten. How faithful the friends of "Emily" are; I wish they would write to her some times. A second good-sized check from a lover of missions makes us want to congratulate Hillsdale College on calling Mrs. Ellen Copp to the position of lady principal of that institution. The thank-offering of the F. B. church in Fairport, N. Y., is very much larger than ever before, and they say it is due to the "personal work done by the use of the invitation and envelop system." We are glad to welcome the Junior A. C. F. of Waubek, Iowa, to the Roll of Honor, and note with pleasure that the juniors of Dover and Foxcroft church, Maine, have not only sent a share, but have contributed to the famine fund. There is still opportunity to contribute to the famine fund, but please let it be always as a special. There is a new auxiliary in Hardwick, Vt.; more auxiliaries are what we need.

Recently a picture of Rachel Das passed through the treasurer's hands to the young man who is supporting her. She is a very intelligent-looking native woman. By the way, we are responsible for the support of the head teacher in the girls school, Bhimpore, in charge of Mrs. Julia Burkholder. His name is Bhim, and his salary is \$36 per year. Possibly some young person would like to support him. If so, I should pleased to correspond with him or her.

Don't forget that Aug. 31 closes the 24th financial year of the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society. All bills should be paid for the year, by that time, and there ought to be a good margin in the treasury towards the first quarter of the new year, as it is a very lean quarter. Then we will welcome our 25th year with rejoicing, and celebrate it with the silver which is His in whom is our confidence.

*Dover, N. H., July 3, 1897.*

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*

NOTE.

Miss Harriet Phillips, of whom the present *HELPER* gives interesting sketches, has been supported in all the years of her work in India, by the Woman's Society of Rhode Island.

ONE sentence from Tennyson, quoted to me by a friend, helps me very much when I have anything particularly distasteful to do: "As one for whom Christ died." I say it over to myself, and the feeling gives place to a great pity and a great longing to do something for the souls and bodies of the sin-sick, ignorant sisters whom the great Elder Brother considered worth suffering and dying for.—*Ruskin.*

## Helps for Monthly Meetings.

### SEPTEMBER.

"By the very condition on which a Christian is entitled to hope, namely obedience, it is rendered simply impossible for him to be indifferent to the subject of missions."

#### SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

Hymns: "The Call for Reapers," "Throw Out the Life Line," "I Want To Be a Worker."

Bible reading,\* "Why Ought We To Work for Missions?"

First, we ought to work for missions as a duty taught by scripture. Ps. 2: 8; Eccles. 11: 6; Isa. 12: 4; John 3: 16; Mark 16: 15; Matt. 13: 38; 4; 19; 10: 37, 38, 42; John 4: 39; 2d Cor. 9: 6, 7; Tim. 6: 17-19; Rev. 22: 17.

Second reason why we ought to work for missions, as the only way to pay the great debt we owe to those who brought the gospel to us. ("Missionary Reminiscences," page 8, heathen swinging. "Life of Miss Crawford," page 55, the Khand Offering, etc. Compare the life and customs of the heathen with our own happy lot, and remember that the difference is all because Christ has been preached to us.)

The unsought result of working for missions is happiness.

Examples: From China a teacher who had given up a large salary to work on scanty pay writes, "I cannot express my joy." Mr. Roberts writes from Africa, "I don't allow myself to mourn, or to long for the fleshpots of Egypt. My heart is in Africa and its work, and I rejoice that I am here." A lady writes from China, "I never had such deep joy in my life as I experienced telling these eager, listening women there is a God who loves them, a Saviour who died for their sins." Miss Crawford said, "Even now my heart melts with love and gratitude to God who has safely brought me back to the land of my adoption." This experience is equally true of every devoted Christian worker at home or abroad.

Notes: It was the life-blood of Christ that redeemed the world, and it is the life-blood of personal service that avails to save men. "I am quite sure," said Bishop Exeter, "that our greatest hope for our work at home lies in our seeking to promote the work of Christ abroad. I have never forgotten an incident of which I once heard in regard to a minister. He was asked if he would take charge of a certain chapel. He said, 'I will take charge of the chapel, and will undertake that it be self-supporting, if you will let me take the mission work with it. I won't undertake the one without the other.' I am sure that that was a correct view. There is nothing that so stirs the heart for home work as seeking to promote the spread of the everlasting gospel abroad."

Miss Phillips's life and work in this country and India. (See the several articles and poem in this *HELPER*.)

Special prayer for God's guidance in and blessing upon her work.

\* Prepared by Mrs. M. A. W. Bachelder, Hillsdale, Mich.

## Practical Christian Living.

*Practical Christian living is "to condense and crystallize into the uses of daily life the teachings of Christ."*



### "DAILY."

CHARGE not thyself with the weight of a year,  
Child of the Master, faithful and dear;  
Choose not the cross for the coming week,  
For that is more than he bids thee seek.

Bend not thine arm for to-morrow's load—  
Thou may'st leave that to thy gracious God.  
*Daily* only he saith to thee,  
"Take up thy cross, and follow me."

—Selected.

### THE BARTON MISSION-BOX.

THE women of Barton First church were notable for the missionary boxes which they despatched year by year to both the home and foreign field. The frontier minister's wife never found in the Barton contingent half-worn garments ready to fall in pieces at the end of the first week's wearing of her sturdy young pioneers; everything was new, stout, and serviceable. Arctic overshoes and great coats were not sent to Africa, or palmleaf fans and duck suits to Alaska. The principle of the eternal fitness of things has more ramifications than the roots of an oak, and the Barton women did not disdain to trace its application even to such insignificant things as linens and flannels.

With all their ardor and discernments it was nevertheless paradoxically true that the term "missionary" had, to the minds of most of them, a somewhat vague and impersonal signification. Like the early Indians who brought to the grave of a chieftain food and weapons, and sacrificed upon it his favorite steed, that he might not go unprovided to the happy hunting-grounds, they zealously collected necessities for the body which seemed, after all, to have suffered some mysterious "sea-change" when the outward-bound vessel lost itself in the dim horizon. To be a missionary was somehow to be set apart from other people with their every-day likes and dislikes, to be carried on by the stress of a single great purpose which absorbed all the small and devious currents of individuality.

The time came, however, when Barton was to have a missionary of her very own. A wave of excitement swept her church and social circles when pretty Lucy Bell offered herself for the foreign work, and was accepted and assigned to a girls' school in a great Chinese city.

"What a perfectly astonishing thing!" was the repeated exclamation. "If it were almost anyone else one would wonder less, but—Lucy Bell!"

"And why not Lucy Bell?" asked one wiser than the rest. "Isn't she good enough?"

"Good enough! She is perfectly lovely! Everybody knows that. But she isn't the least bit in the world like a missionary!"

"And why not!" said the persistent questioner.

"Because—because—why, you know as well as I! She is so bright and gay, so popular in society, and all that! For a girl who seems so much more thoroughly alive than most people to bury herself voluntarily away off there in China, is something passing comprehension. If it were plain, steady-going Anne Greyson, one might understand."

"Possibly it may be more rather than less life that Lucy is looking for," said the other gently.

"What do you mean?"

"You remember Who said, 'I am come that ye may have life, and that ye may have it more abundantly'? Consecration to special work is like looking through a microscope—it apparently narrows the field of view, but in reality it discovers a new world. 'Abundance of life' is not a question of locality or surroundings, but of soul-touch."

It was a foregone conclusion that the destination of subsequent Barton missionary boxes should be Lucy's school, whose unpronounceable name shall not be here set down. The ladies not only found it delightful to choose their old-time favorite as the almoner of their bounty, but they were able to obtain from her a carefully prepared list of suitable articles whose cost of transportation was not in excess of their prospective usefulness. The young teacher's letters, however, contained no suggestion as to her own personal desires, and so it happened that they were sometimes at their wits' end to select the gifts most appropriate to the necessities of her alien environment.

The matter was under consideration one July afternoon, in a full meeting of the society. The donations, which were to be sent out in time for the Christmas festival, were nearly ready for packing, and the ladies surveyed with worthy pride the goodly array already stored in the church parlor.

"But we have nothing yet for Lucy. If she had only taken pains to write us what she needed!" complained anxious Mrs. Brown.

Marian Lee's high, clear voice broke the meditative silence which followed upon this remark. "I propose that, since we are not quite sure what Lucy needs, we send her something that she *likes*!"

The collective eyes of the society gazed with a startled expression first upon the speaker, and then upon each other. Marian continued, "Isn't she the same dear old Lucy for whom to love pretty things was as natural as her breath?"

Do you imagine that, just because she has gone to teach the heathen, she doesn't care any more for fresh ribbons and dainty toilet things? And is she so carried away with their barbarous language that she doesn't long for the last magazine and some new book that all the critics are raving over? Let's think what we would have chosen for her if she had never gone away!"

"Marian, you are a sibyl!" cried Cora Harrington. "I'll send her a silver-handled hairbrush."

"And I the comb to match it!" said another.

"I will add nail-file and button-hook."

"I saw the dearest little painted pin-tray at Wilde's yesterday. She shall have that."

"I'll send her the bureau-cover I have just finished embroidering."

"She shall have my new pearl lace pin. Lucy always loved pearls."

"I'll give a pair of gloves. I know her size—No. 6."

"I will put in Mrs. Ward's 'A Singular Life.'"

"I will subscribe for the *Century*, and send the first number."

"Don't cut the leaves, then, for I want to slip a little silver paper-knife between them."

"I am going to send a sealed box of Huyler's best!" announced Luella Harmon.

"Luella!" chorused a half-dozen voices. "Candy to China!"

"Why not! Do you think Lucy has lost her sweet-tooth? Let her give her little China women a taste of civilized bonbons!"

This widened the circles of generosity, of which Marian's little speech had been the central splash, rippling out into penwipers, bookmarks, and Christmas cards, until the package-committee was forced to cry "Enough!"

The lights of the Christmas tree, around which had gathered fifty almond-eyed girls, were all extinguished. The little gifts of bright paper, which they had fashioned with infinite painstaking for each other and their friends, as well as the more substantial presents from beyond the sea, were all distributed. The nuts and sweetmeats had been eaten or stored away for the morrow's enjoyment. The echo of hymns and songs had died away, and the young missionary teacher was at last alone in her own room. A package marked with her name and the legend, "Not to be opened until Christmas Eve," was upon the table before her. How eagerly she had anticipated this time, yet now that it had come, she had scarcely heart to cut the strings!

The strange reaction of despondency, accompanying great physical weariness, which sometimes paralyzes the bravest spirit, even at the moment of accomplished success, was upon her. She felt herself so lonely and small in that

corner of the great, darkened world. Of what use was all her toil for these few child-waifs, when she had only to go out into the noisome streets of the filthy city to see scores of others like them, dirty, half-clothed, and famishing, crouching in the shadow of the cold walls to protect themselves from the blasts of the yet colder north wind; when, in the early dawn of the morning, she could hear the creaking of the ox-cart which picked up the stripped bodies of little dead children, cast out like refuse upon the ground? Was it not within this very week that the eldest, gentlest, and most promising of her girls had been torn away by her father to marry a heathen to whom he had betrothed her in her early childhood? Of what use was the springing of the good seed in that young heart, only to be trampled again under the heel of idolatrous custom? Her desolate heart yearned toward the country of church bells and Sabbath's, of culture and cleanliness and beauty, of happy Christian homes.

She roused herself at length, and began mechanically to undo the wrappings of her package. Turning back the heavy folds, a branch of holly, with the berries still red upon it, met her eyes, and, underneath, parcel after parcel, of all shapes and sizes, tissue-wrapped and tied with dainty ribbons—each marked with some dear, familiar name signed to a few tender, mirthful lines. Her heart throbbed in her throat, her nervous fingers trembled upon the delicate knots. One by one the gifts were revealed. All her old fastidious tastes seemed to have been consulted—even the breath of her favorite perfume was exhaled upon the air.

In her sorrowful, almost despairing mood she had been dry-eyed, but now, with a girl's contradictoriness, she flung herself upon a couch in a passion of crying. But the tears were blessed ones, washing away every trace of doubt and bitterness. She rose up her normal self, full of new hope and courage. It was no mean perfunctory tribute to her work that had come to her from across the sea; the warm hand of unforgetting affection had touched—herself!

“I was like the faint-hearted servant of the prophet,” she said to herself, “knowing not how the whole mountain was full of horses and chariots. The forces of evil are strong and terrible, but ‘they that be with us are more than they that be with them.’ Home-love and Father-love—I will trust both, and not be afraid!”—*Mary A. P. Stansbury, in Woman's Missionary Friend.*

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“BLAKE INDUSTRIAL IMPROVEMENT” FUND.

Previously acknowledged . . . . .	\$284 00
Mrs. Sadie Randall . . . . .	1 00
Miss Helen Wakefield . . . . .	50
Miss Sarah Wakefield . . . . .	50
Mrs. C. C. Swan . . . . .	5 00
	— \$291 00

*Lewiston, Me.*

CLARA A. RICKER, *Collector.*

## Words from Home Workers.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The N. H. F. B. W. M. S. held its annual meeting in connection with the Y. M. of N. H. in Dover, Washington St. church, June 8-10. The entire afternoon of June 8 was devoted to a business meeting, called to order by our president, Mrs. M. M. Pinkham. After a hearty and spiritual praise and prayer service, led by the president, Miss C. E. Hurd, recording secretary, read the minutes of the last meeting. The corresponding secretary gave a brief report of the work in the state, showing an increase of interest, and spoke of the generous thank-offering reported by many of the churches ; all of which was cause for special praise and gratitude to our Heavenly Father. The treasurer, Mrs. Scribner, then gave her report, showing that a much larger amount had passed through her hands than heretofore, also showing that better system is being established in our state. Following this came the election of officers for the ensuing year, the choice of ballot being as follows : for president, Mrs. E. H. Hall, Gonic ; vice-president, Mrs. M. Merrick, Somersworth ; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Julia Davis, New Market ; recording secretary, Miss Ella C. Hurd, East Manchester ; treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Scribner, Gosserville. Mrs. Webber of North Berwick, Me., was then introduced, and bore to us the fraternal greeting of her state society, and spoke words of encouragement and cheer. Miss DeMeritte spoke of the Hills Home and Foreign Mission Society, connected with the Washington St. church, Dover, comprised largely of the young people who are auxiliary to the W. M. Society, and also doing local and city mission work. We most earnestly hope other societies in the state may do likewise. Adjourned to Wednesday P. M. one o'clock. The meeting was opened with prayer, and, when the routine of business was concluded, Mrs. Greenleaf of Maine, agent for the MISSIONARY HELPER for her state, was introduced. She gave a brief synopsis of her work along this line, showing that an increase of interest and subscriptions will follow for our valuable magazine if we put the effort in the work. May each state be as fortunate in securing a woman for agent who is possessed with this same zeal and earnestness. A devotional meeting in the interest of missions was conducted by Rev. Mr. Keith, followed by our public meeting, the program as published being fully carried out. Scripture reading by Mrs. G. C. Waterman of Vermont, prayer by Mrs. Getchell. A solo was then rendered by Mrs. A. E. Dexter of Whitman, Mass. ; this called for an encore, as is usual wherever her consecrated voice is heard. Then followed a detailed report of the corresponding secretary by quarterly meetings, showing the formation of several new societies within the past year, and that the amount raised thus far during the year was \$1358.07. It is hoped that the entire \$1600 may be raised by Aug

31, which closes our mission year. Mrs. Grant of Gonic then gave a most interesting chalk talk. An appropriate recitation for the collection was then given by Miss Marian Manter of Rochester, aged eight years. Miss Dudley of Northwood then rendered a guitar solo, in native costume and language, which was most touching and beautiful. Miss Blake of Concord then presented a very plain and interesting sand-map of our mission field in Balasore, India. This closed our annual meeting of the W. M. Society. We praise God for the success that has attended our efforts for the past year, and for the generous amount received thus far, notwithstanding the severe financial depression that has been upon the entire county. We most earnestly seek Divine wisdom and guidance for the year to come.

MRS. E. H. HALL, *Cor. Sec.*

*Gonic, N. H.*

SOUTH DAKOTA.—The annual meeting of the Quarterly Meeting W. M. S. of South Dakota was held at Valley Springs June 11-13 in connection with the Q. M. The secretary's report for the year ending June 1, 1897, was quite encouraging, all things considered. There are only 19 members of the W. M. S., aside from the two children's bands. They together have raised this year \$147.76; \$70.18 of which has been used for local work, and \$77.58 for mission work, divided as follows: \$59 for foreign missions, \$13.29 for state work, \$5 for the Free Baptist Emergency Fund. Of this amount the Sioux Falls Mission Band raised \$12.50, and the Valley Springs Band \$14. The election of offices resulted in the choice of Mrs. P. E. Cook president, Miss Rosina H. Palmer secretary, Miss May Hull treasurer. A very interesting program was carried out Saturday evening. Miss Cora Rockwood of the Rowena auxiliary read an excellent original paper on the organization, object, and work of the W. M. S. Miss May Hull of the Sioux Falls auxiliary also read an original paper on our duty to missions, that touched the hearts of all who listened to it in its appeal for all to either "go or help go." Our society is preparing to put in its little mite toward a memorial window for the new Clear Lake church, soon to be erected. We are preparing to have a special meeting of the W. M. S. before our next Q. M., that we may talk over the work and plan for its accomplishment, when we may have more time than can be allowed us in the busy sessions of the Q. M., where so many of us are delegates to both meetings. Our next session will be at Maurice, Iowa.

ROSINA H. PALMER, *Sec.*

*Valley Springs, S. D.*

MAINE.—A public meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Sebec Quarterly Meeting was held Saturday afternoon, June 19, the president, Mrs. Eliza J. Lambert, presiding. The program was varied and interesting, filled to overflowing with good things. A short praise and devotional service prepared

all hearts for the address given by Mrs. Lillian Tourillotte Cordwell, subject, "The **HELPER** and Helpers." Each sentence was a gem of thought which was indeed a helper to all, and especially helpful to workers in missions. A unique feature of the program was the sand-map exercise of Balasore, India, conducted by Mrs. Nellie Wade Whitcomb, in connection with which an Oriya hymn was sung. In following the speaker, India seemed to come very near, and, as we gazed upon miniature Balasore, in imagination we easily beheld our missionaries as they wended their way from place to place, carrying the message of love to darkened homes. A recitation by little Edna Folsom is deserving of special mention. Collection amounted to \$8.50. The outlook for future work is encouraging, and the women of the Sebec Quarterly Meeting of a truth can say, "The morning cometh."

ANNIE B. EMERSON.

The Woman's Missionary society of the Otisfield Quarterly Meeting met at Mexico, Me., June 2. They held their annual business meeting at ten A. M., electing the following officers: president, M. Louise Staples, Canton; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Lena T. Jackson, E. Otisfield. Mrs. Ada Jordan read a communication from Mrs. B. D. Newell in regard to the work in connection with the **MISSIONARY HELPER**. The hour assigned us at one P. M. was filled as follows: Singing, reading Scripture, prayer by Mrs. Wheeler. After an excellent article upon "Christ's Last Command," by Mrs. S. L. Jordan of E. Otisfield, a reading was given by Mrs. Wheeler, entitled, "Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box." Prof. B. F. Hayes of Cobb Divinity school then gave an interesting address.

MRS. LENA T. JACKSON, *Sec.*

Iowa.—The Spencer W. M. S. held its annual thank-offering meeting May 30. Our pastor gave us the Sabbath morning for our service. A fine program was carried out, that was listened to very attentively by all. Our envelopes were distributed the previous Sabbath, at the close of the morning service, and this gave each one ample time to bring or send their offering. The amount of thank-offering was \$40. We can only say, "Praise God that this plan was ever adopted for carrying forward this work. It brings those who sit in darkness nearer to us, and we want to help send the gospel to them. We made the following apportionments: Miss Scott, Iowa's missionary, \$15; indigent ministers' fund, \$10; for general work, \$10; sent to Miss Jennie Baker for sewing room, Storer college, \$5. Our society is doing good work, and at the present time we have thirty members. We have been organized ten years. For our monthly meetings we use the topics given in the **MISSIONARY HELPER**, and find them very helpful to us in our work. We are praying that this year's service shall be better than the last.

MRS. H. I. BROWN.

## IN MEMORIAM.

[Brief tributes to our promoted workers will appear in this department, as space will allow, but verses cannot be used.]

THE W. M. S. of Park St. church, Providence, R. I. has met with a great loss by the death of their treasurer, Mrs. Myra Brayton, who was called home Sunday evening, June 6, after a brief illness. She was treasurer for seventeen years, and through her faithfulness and untiring zeal has been able each quarter to collect the apportionment of the society. At times, through failing strength, she felt that she must be released from her position, but we are glad she persevered until called to something higher. As a member of the church she was also interested in all other branches of its work, and was a liberal contributor. Almost her parting words were "All is well," and we as a society need grace to say the same, for a vacancy has been made which at present seems hard to fill, but we feel assured that God in his wisdom will provide a way.

E.

Again the death angel has come to our Phillips, Me., Auxiliary, and taken one most dear to us all, Mrs. Olive Brackett Leavitt, who left her cross of suffering for her crown May 17, aged 58 years. She began a Christian life young, and too much cannot be said of her faithfulness in her home, the church, the Sabbath school, the mission circle, everywhere she was trusted and beloved. We feel keenly the loss of our sister, who has been our president, and loving, hopeful co-worker so many years, but we know our loss is her gain. The Free Baptist church and her home circle, including her husband, a mother (Mrs. Mary Brackett, 83 years old), Rev. N. C. Brackett of Storer college, two sisters (Mrs. S. W. Lightner of Storer college, Harper's Ferry, W. Va., and Miss L. N. Brackett of Phillips), and others, are sadly bereaved, but the memory of her beautiful life will ever beckon them on to heaven.

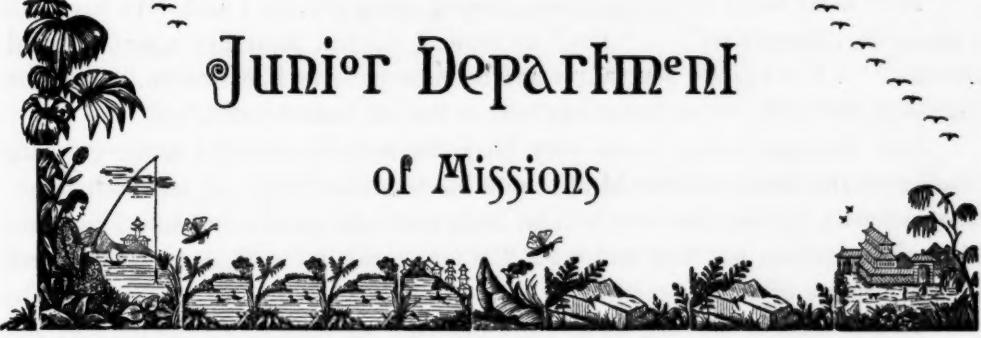
MARY P. PARKER.

## ◆◆◆◆◆ AMONG OUR BOOKS.

"Books are the levelers—not by lowering the great, but by lifting up the small."

**Mission Gems for the Master's Crown** —A collection of Recitations, Readings, Hymns, Class Exercises, etc., for use in Sunday School Concerts and Public Meetings of Missionary Societies. By Lillian Adele Tourtillotte. Frontispiece, half tone engraving of the author. Pamphlet of 31 pages, bound in blue or old gold. Single copy, 15 cts. In packages of ten or more, 10 cts. Address Mrs. Lillian A. T. Cordwell, Orono, Me.

Although this collection of original helps for various needs is wholly undenominational in character, those who are best acquainted with the graceful writing of Lillian Adele Tourtillotte will be especially glad of its publication. It opens with a "Welcome" and "Response" for a public meeting; the titles of the recitations suggest their suitableness—"Why Shall We Work?" "The Great Need," "My Offering," "An Appeal," "A Child's Work," etc. The songs are written to familiar tunes, and the class exercises are upon India, Africa, and China. A program for an entire meeting is arranged at the close. Altogether the missionary or Sunday school worker will find it a real little helper to have at hand.



# Junior Department of Missions

## BRIGHT SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF MISSIONARY CHILDREN.

REPORTED BY MRS. JULIA BURKHOLDER.

OUR little boy, when ten years old, was sent to his room one Sunday afternoon as a punishment for some naughtiness. While there by himself he wrote the following :

### JESUS, SAVIOUR, PITIY ME.

Jesus, Saviour, pity me,  
Take me out of Satan's snare.  
I am caught in Satan's net,  
Save me, save me from my sin.  
Jesus, Saviour, pity me,  
Thou who art the only God.  
Jesus, Saviour, pity me,  
Snatch me now from Satan's bonds.

Other refuge have I none,  
Do not leave me all alone,  
If thou dost I'll surely die,  
Do not leave me all alone,  
Jesus, Saviour, Satan is  
Setting up his net for me,  
Jesus, Saviour, take me now  
Out of Satan's crafty snare.

Thank you, thank you, King of kings,  
For your pity and your grace,  
You have saved me from my sins,  
And from Satan's crafty net.  
King of kings, you've died for me ;  
I have suffered naught for you.  
Thank you, thank you, King of kings,  
For your pity and your grace.

When Phillips (our boy) was six years old, he asked the privilege of writing to Queen Victoria, and the following is his letter :

BHIMPORE, May 4, 1883.

DEAR QUEEN VICTORIA :

My name is Phillips. I am six years old. I think you can visit us sometime. Victoria can you stay to Yeilow Meeting? (Yearly Meeting.) It will be a month. We have a grand big table.

PHILLIPS.

On the outside he writes, "From Phillips to Victoria."

Once he prayed, "O Lord, thou knowest how we long to be good, and still we go into sin. We are very weak people."

Another time he prayed, "O Lord, make us as sure-footed over the slippery places of life as the chamois are when they jump from rock to rock on the mountains."

After a day when things had been moving along quietly, I said, "We have had a good day, haven't we?" "Yes," he replied, "it has been like a second-hand heaven." "Not exactly that, but it has been something like heaven." Still he persisted, and said, "Yes, but it has been a second-hand heaven."

One Saturday, when I was very busy, he and his younger sister got into trouble several times, and would appeal to me to settle things; at last I felt somewhat irritated, and sat down with them both, and told them how badly I felt, etc. He looked up into my face and said, "Mamma, don't the Bible say, 'Fret not thyself because of evil doers?'"

Two prayers of the little girls. Amy prayed, "O Lord, open the door of my heart and let all the bad go out, and all the good come in."

Nennie, with a bright happy face, came to me one morning and said, "Mamma, I said to God, 'Take me and do what you like with me. I hate to do what I like to. I give myself to thee, do what you like to with me.'"

Eddie Stiles's sayings :

He ate some baked beans on a Saturday, the next day he played very violently, which made his heart beat rapidly. He went to his grandmother and said, "Grandma, my beans are wiggling."

He once had a little tea to drink, which he greatly enjoyed. Sometime afterwards he asked for more, but his grandma thought best not to give it. Soon after he said, "Grandma, my throat is all frozen up, I think a little tea would thaw it out."

Looking out of the window one day he saw a flash of lightning. He said, "Mamma, I don't like to see the sun open."

Miss Wile contributes the following. The child was her sister's little girl. Seeing it rain very heavily she said, "Mama, I think they must be having a big washing up in heaven." "How do you know?" her mother asked. "Why, don't you see they are pouring out the water?" "How can they pour it out?" the mother asked, to draw out the child. "Don't you see, they simply pull out the stars and let it come."

One day her mother said to her, "Don't let me see you going out of the gate again; if I do I'll punish you." Soon afterward she was out, and had taken a little brother with her. She was called and questioned. She said, "I didn't go out of the gate." "What," her mother replied. "I saw you out." "No mamma, I went over the fence." "Why, then, didn't you tell me that before I punished Walter?" "I thought it would do him good, for he didn't go when I called him. Next time he will mind me quicker."

One of our little native boys stood up very straight, and, with bright, beaming eyes, said in a confident tone of voice, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for they will be happy in heaven."

*Bhimpore, India.*

## ONE WAY OF HELPING.

[Extract from a valuable paper entitled "The HELPER and Helpers," by Mrs. Lillian Tourtilotte Cordwell. Read at the Sebec Quarterly Meeting, Dover, Me., in June.]

IF God has commanded us to take up this work, how are we to learn of its best methods and its crying necessities?

How does our interested citizen learn of all matters connected with a political campaign? Why, he subscribes for one or two political papers and reads, reads, reads, and the more he reads the more he wants to read. He not only reads about it but talks about it, and feels an overwhelming enthusiasm which he transmits in a measure to others.

The same may be true of missions; for if we have the HELPER and read the HELPER, and talk about the matters contained in the HELPER, we shall not only become enthused ourselves but shall enthuse others. What is the HELPER? The HELPER is a 32-page, illustrated missionary magazine, published by the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, and the price is 50 cents per year. It contains letters from our missionaries, articles from many of our well known workers, beautiful poems from our sweet singers, with grand and helpful articles from the pen of its editor, whose name has become a household word in all loyal Free Baptist families; and much matter which I cannot classify, together with a young people's department, which always contains something of intense interest. Such is the HELPER. And it is indeed a HELPER. It helps the cause by interesting its readers, and it helps its readers by drawing them nearer to the great heart of the Eternal, that heart of unbounded love and sympathy, to whom the soul of the cannibal is just as precious as the soul of you or me.

## Contributions.

## F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for June, 1897.

## MAINE.

Acton and Milton Mills aux. T. O. . . . .	\$42.90
Bowdoinham aux. T. O. . . . .	8.35
Bowdoinham aux. for Miss Coombs . . . . .	2.00
Brunswick Village for Miss Coombs . . . . .	10.00
Brunswick 1st F. B. ch. aux. for Miss Coombs . . . . .	10.00
Bradford Mrs. Etta Hall . . . . .	.25
Bradford Mrs. Kate Kingsbury . . . . .	.25
Burnham Mrs. J. W. Noble F. M. . . . .	1.00
Canton ch. W. G. Gammon F. M. . . . .	1.00
Clinton aux. Miss Coombs . . . . .	1.25
Charleston aux. . . . .	3.00
Charleston S. S. . . . .	2.05
Cornish Miss C. W. Pugsley \$1 annual contribution \$1 T. O. 40 cts. F. F. 10 cents Inc. Fund . . . . .	2.50
Dover and Foxcroft ch. Junior A. C. F. one share Miss Barnes's salary \$4 F. F. (of which 75 cents is T. O.) \$1 . . . . .	5.00
E. Otisfield W. M. S. T. O. . . . .	3.00
Exeter Asso. W. M. S. . . . .	7.00
Groveville T. O. . . . .	2.50

Houlton W. M. S. (\$8.28 T. O.) . . . . .	\$17.00
Island Falls F. B. S. S. class No. 5 one share . . . . .	4.00
Miss Barnes's salary . . . . .	4.00
Lewiston Pine St. F. B. ch. aux. additional T. O. . . . .	1.15
Limerick aux. (T. O. \$9) on L. M. of Gen. Soc. of Miss M. E. Batson . . . . .	11.20
Limerick aux. T. O. F. F. . . . .	3.50
Lisbon Falls Lizzie M. Cornish \$2 W. Home \$1 F. F. . . . .	3.00
Mile aux. . . . .	4.85
No. Anson F. B. aux. . . . .	4.00
Otisfield Q. M. W. M. S. aux. F. M . . . . .	4.66
Parsonsfield Callie M. Weeks for "Callie Weeks" in S. O. . . . .	1.00
Pittsfield F. W. B. ch. Y. P. M. Soc. for school in India . . . . .	12.50
Portland 1st F. B. ch. W. M. S. T. O. . . . .	4.00
Prospect and Unity Q. M. W. M. S. . . . .	12.00
Richmond F. B. ch. T. O. . . . .	5.13
Sabattus F. B. ch. T. O. . . . .	1.70
Sebec Q. M. col . . . . .	8.10
So. Auburn F. B. ch. T. O. per Mrs. Ricker . . . . .	2.18

Topsham F. B. ch. children's T. O. one share				
Miss Barnes's salary	\$4.00			
Topsham F. B. ch. aux. F. M.	5.00			
Waterville Q. M. col.	4.17			
Wells Branch Mrs. J. A. Lowell T. O.	1.00			
West Bethel ch. Miss Coombs	1.02			
W. Gardiner F. B. ch. aux. and sisters at Spear's Corner	2.25			
W. Hobbs aux. T. O. for general work	5.00			
W. Lebanon aux. Int. Mary A. Dearborn fund for F. M.	7.00			
W. Paris W. M. S. aux. Miss Coombs	4.35			
Windham Center aux. T. O. general work	13.00			
York Co. Conference W. M. aux. col.	6.38			
<b>NEW HAMPSHIRE.</b>				
Belmont F. B. (\$1 F. F.) E. E. Lamprey	2.00			
Candia Village Harold Frost	.50			
Concord ch. Miss Alice Dudley for Miss Barnes's salary				
Dover Washington St. ch. L. A. DeMeritte denial gift F. F.	12.00			
Dover Hills H. and F. M. Soc. Fred Ward DeMeritte for sal. Rachel Das	20.00			
New Market Primary Dept. for Miss Barnes	42.50			
Rochester aux.	1.75			
Ditto (3 of which is F. F.) T. O.	6.00			
Ditto aux. for Bal. school	18.75			
So. Berwick T. O.	5.00			
Ditto	1.25			
Tamworth I. W. F. B. ch. W. M. S.	7.50			
Whitefield F. B. ch. W. M. S.	6.25			
Wolfeboro aux.	20.00			
N. E. A. T. F. M. \$3.50 H. M. \$2.50	1.00			
	6.00			
<b>VERMONT.</b>				
Albany ch. for Mrs. Smith	4.50			
E. Orange aux.	1.00			
E. Williamstown aux.	13.50			
Hardwick ch. for Mrs. S.	2.85			
Huntington Q. M. W. M. S.	5.90			
Q. M. col.	3.00			
So. Strafford aux. for Mrs. S.	6.00			
Washington	2.00			
W. Topsham aux.	5.00			
<b>MASSACHUSETTS.</b>				
Chelsea W. M. S. T. O.	9.62			
Haverhill T. O.	32.50			
Ditto Sinclair Orphanage to constitute Nettie M. Ellis life member	20.00			
Lowell Mt. Vernon ch. zenana teacher	6.25			
Whitman ch. T. O.	1.00			
Worcester ch. T. O.	3.00			
<b>RHODE ISLAND.</b>				
Arlington aux. T. O. Ind. Dept.	5.00			
Arlington T. O. Hattie P.	2.94			
Arlington T. O. F. F.	3.50			
Blackstone aux. Hattie Phillips	5.00			
Blackstone aux. T. O. Ind. Dept.	5.00			
Carolina aux. Hattie Phillips	2.50			
Carolina aux. Ind. Dept.	2.50			
Carolina aux. T. O. Ind. Dept.	5.26			
Carolina aux. T. O. Hattie Phillips	2.50			
No. Scituate aux. Ind. Dept.	5.26			
No. Scituate aux. zenana work	2.50			
Pascoag aux. Ind. Dept.	12.50			
Pascoag aux. Hattie Phillips	3.00			
Pawtucket aux. Hattie Phillips	3.00			
Pawtucket aux. Ind. Dept.	7.50			
Providence Roger Williams ch. Ind. Dept.	7.50			
Providence Roger Williams ch. Hattie Phillips	12.50			
Providence Roger Williams T. O. Hattie Phillips	12.50			
Providence Roger Williams T. O. Ind. Dept.	20.34			
	20.00			
<b>PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.</b>				
Montreal Mrs. D. W. Moulton for Mrs. Smith	2.00			
Montreal Clara E. Moulton for "Emily"	1.00			
Sherbrooke F. R. Moulton for "Emily"	5.00			
Sherbrooke F. R. Moulton F. F. (T. O.)	1.00			
Sherbrooke Mrs. L. M. Wood for F. M. (T. O.)	1.00			
Total				\$980.91
<b>LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.</b>				
<b>Dover, N. H.</b>				
per EDYTHE R. PORTER, Asst. Treas.				